

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Nature Your Best Guide In Escaping Consumption

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

DOCTOR," archly asked a well fed suburban resident recently, "why do you and other physicians preach, prate, and write so much about so uninteresting and vapid a topic as tuberculosis? Surely there are many more pleasant and more happy subjects of lectures."

"Quite true, it must be confessed," came from me. "The scarlet scourge is a wearisome, worrysome and dismal proposition at best. Even the fanciest of an interwoven fairy story, a bit of jolly verse or a well turned figure fails to add much zest to its discussion. You, however, may well find it dusty-dry matter, living as you do in the country air, with city conveniences, rich food, full meals and no worries."

"But, doctor," she persisted, "if I were writing about so uncolored a thing as the white plague, the tale would be adorned with such a lurid atmosphere that all who run away would read it."

Consequent to this impetus comes to you this much told matter, this oft-repeated story. True enough, "civilization does get torrid sometimes upon a powder-cart," and at the worst it brings better things for the multitude. Unfortunately, however, it also brings such baneful afflictions as tuberculosis. Indeed, tuberculosis might be said, fundamentally to be the wild oats of the march of culture and crowding. You must, in your daily rush, rub elbows with your fellows of the strenuous life; you dine in red dining palaces or nickel-in-the-slot lunch rooms and eat from the same table, if not the same dishes, as your brothers; you use the same strap-handles in the street cars; you finger the same money, and if you, by the abominations of fate, receive less food, less breathing space and fewer car rides than others, you are all the more susceptible to the direful bacilli.

Vitiated atmospheres, a lowered amount of nutriment, dark and dingy dwelling places, as well as unwholesome or ill-preserved victuals, tend to open the pulmonary vesicles to the bacillus infection. Verily, then, since a Pandora's box of defects predisposes the guileless tissues to an invasion of this ailment, the same person will seek to solve the problem of infection by clapping on the lid of preventive measures. To the health writer, therefore, efforts must be directed toward the extension of impetuous procedures and conservative processes.

In other words, the aggregation of persons in villages, towns, and cities calls for the wide dissemination of knowledge about methods of preventing the origin of tuberculosis, rather than its cure. True enough, all the machinery put into action to hinder the development of consumption, works full tilt at a limitation of the affliction as well as point blank at its spread to another. The health writer, therefore, must exert a benign effect upon the other; the two are closely interwoven and cannot be separated.

Like a Mystery. Comes consumption upon its victim, like a thief in the night. Silently, like an Asiatic mystery, it insinuates its tentacles and fangs in the deepest recesses of the lungs or bones. The dweller within the gates of the farmhouse or castle, or hotel or manor, may be swayed down with the fine Italian poison of the relentless bacillus. No man may eternally defy it. Whether you basked at the feet of Gamaliel or bubbled across the knee of the Admirable Critchton, whether you are a Mecaenas or a notebank, the approach of the deadly bacteria of tuberculosis, sneezed at you in a need spray from the throat of a distressed sufferer, may strike you down as you lay low with this striking malady.

If your body is a garden, so much needed must you perforce be to prevent such weeds as the pale, waxy, white bacillus from taking up its habitation there. Dickens said the human corporation was "a damp, damp, moist, unpleasant" place. So much the more liable is it to become the abiding place of disease germs. All this is it is foolish like Henry in the field to die "better" like a perfumed Paris, turn and fly.

Then, to step upon another's feet, and to receive in your lungs the dust from your neighbor's broom, is treason, to make the most of it is to "build you a garden green" away from the madding crowd. Fare ye forth to a good district with carefree birds a-wit-

A TRAINED DOG

By Michelson



YOU can't blame the clock. It has its duties to perform. When a crisis comes it must hold up its hands. Eleven o'clock or so is more or less of a crisis. You can't blame the girl. She has to be patient, poor dear. Her sex brings her many afflictions. You can't blame the dog. He has been trained to obey. His mistress has taught him carefully to be a good, obedient dog. Every one else is faithful to this mistress of his. In his abject adoration he is simply like all the rest, in the

household and out of it. And he only needs a hint—just the merest hint. —BUT you might blame FATHER. He is not the old-fashioned "irate parent." He's a jolly good fellow. You can gamble on his having a sense of humor. The trouble is that he is a shade too fond of his joke. And maybe he shouldn't have put the whole game up to the dog. Just fancy a gentleman of his distinction and waist measure pussy-footing around a hat rack and— Well, the jig's up. You can't mend a calamity like that.

Points on Beauty Culture

New Complexion "Musts" For Early Spring Days

By MAGGIE TEYTE

The Noted Prima Donna.

THE average woman's complexion is never so far from perfect as in the springtime, when all the world is fresh and lovely in its new dress of green and colorful bloom. Faces that have passed muster on winter praise all winter seem suddenly to grow yellow and mottled and muddy. Red veins mar the white smoothness of cheeks. Pimples roughen chin and brow. Blackheads form polka dots along the sides of the nose and gather in grimy colonies in the center of the chin and corners of the mouth.

The woman who can take close and honest inventory of her face in a strong light and be perfectly and justly satisfied with the mirrored reflection is conspicuously rare. To begin with, the diet needs reor-

ganization in the spring. Cut out the greasy foods. Diminish the quantity of tea and coffee and drink plenty of pure water and unweakened lemonade. Most of us eat too much the year around. We surely do in the spring. It is really surprising how much less food we require now the need of heat supply is removed.

I know several women who take the milk cure every spring. For a month or six weeks they eat no solid food, living entirely on milk and varying the monotony with fresh or cooked fruits. They emerge from the "fasting" radiantly lovely, with clear skin, bright eyes and lessened weight.

A great many women take care of their complexion in energetic spasms. Regular care is required, the day-in-and-day-out routine of soap and water and cold cream and tonic.

Clearing effect on a pimply skin is made with an ounce of spermaceti ointment mixed with a drachm of glycerine and 30 grains of bicarbonate of soda. Personally, I think the average case of pimples can be conquered by cleansing the system and touching the annoying spots with the simple bicarbonate of soda.

Blackheads are nothing in the world but accumulated dirt. The perfectly clean skin never has them. The first step in their expulsion is to wash the face with warm water and soap. If they are very prominent, use liquid green soap, but this is rather severe for some skins.

Oils which soften the pores and allow the foreign matter to be removed are valuable. Whatever you do I beg of you not to squeeze the face to remove the blackheads. This only makes unnecessary irritation and is apt to make ugly red veins.

A simple salve for blackheads is made with a mixture of lard and salicylic acid, using 60 grammes of each. Perhaps the most noted of all creams for pimples, blackheads, and similar troubles is made with two ounces each of linolein, almond oil and sulphur precipitate, one ounce of oxide of zinc and enough violet extract to perfume. Cream the sulphur and zinc, then add the linolein, and lastly the violet. When the face has been thoroughly washed at night, before retiring, touch each pimple with the cream applied with a camel's hair brush. Remove in the

morning. Don't irritate the skin more than is necessary. A soothing lotion which has also tonic properties is made of tincture of benzoin, half an ounce; tincture of vanilla, two drachms, and a pint and a half of triple rose water. This is simply compounded. Mix the tinctures first and add the water very slowly, so it will not curdle.

TIMES BEDTIME STORY

By GEORGE HENRY SMITH.

"I WAS thinking," began Mister Squirrel, one day, "that we used to see a good deal of Brer Rabbit. He hasn't been around lately."

"No," answered Mrs. Squirrel. "I guess he must be very busy." "Busy doing what?" asked Mister Squirrel. "Or what are you thinking?" asked Mrs. Squirrel. "I am thinking how I can get a large hickory nut without going for it," said her husband, pressing his hands to his head. Mrs. Squirrel hopped away and soon returned with a large hickory nut, and handed it to her husband. "It pays to think," said Mister Squirrel, laughing.

"Do folks always have to be doing something to be busy?" asked Mister Squirrel. "You can be busy thinking," replied Mrs. Squirrel. "I never thought of that," said Mister Squirrel, putting his hands to his head. "What are you doing?" asked Mrs. Squirrel. "Don't bother me," exclaimed her husband. "What are you doing?" said Mrs. Squirrel once more. "I am busy," replied Mister Squirrel.

Locating a Quarrel.

"And when you were abroad on your honeymoon trip did you visit the Palace of Peace at The Hague?" asked the girl friend of the bride just home from abroad. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "We had our first quarrel there," Yonkers Statesman.

Household Hints

Rice Secrets of Famous Italian Chefs

By Ann Marie Lloyd

"WHEN in Rome, do as the Romans do," is not a difficult injunction to heed when eating is the point involved.

Most Italians are excellent cooks. They are also economical to a degree which would make the average American housewife wide-eyed with astonishment. They seem to have an intuitive knowledge of food values, and they are delightfully wise in not overeating.

To those who have spent much time abroad the wonder of how they can eat so little and such plain food and yet be well and strong is never ceasing. Even the Italian feasts are not designed for the delight of gluttons.

When you are invited to dine with a Venetian, the literal translation of his invitation is, "Won't you take four frames of rice with me?" Rice does, indeed, form the staple of diet of the average Italian, but the ways of cooking rice are apparently infinite, and the Italian cooks have a most pleasing way of making it the accompaniment of many of their most elaborate dishes.

For example, those who have never tasted rice and mushrooms, cooked in the real Italian way, have missed a gastronomic treat. One of the most interesting old characters I have ever known, an Italian chef, gave me the rule.

Rice With Mushrooms. Take fifteen canned mushrooms or ten fresh ones and a third of a cup of rice. The rice is to be washed and then fried with a lump of butter till it is dry, then add some boiling water, very gently, and let it boil easily for ten minutes. At the end of this time the rice should be about half cooked. Meanwhile, in another saucepan, take a small onion, some celery, a small carrot and some parsley, all chopped and put them over the fire with two tablespoonsful of olive oil. After they have cooked a little add two tablespoonsful of tomato sauce. The Italian cook would then add the mushrooms, and mix them with the tomato paste, diluting it with a little hot water. Season with salt and pepper and add the mushrooms, then mix and cook for ten minutes longer. Serve with Parmesan cheese.

The polenta of the Italians is nothing in the world but our Indian meal. Just before it is ready to serve they add grated cheese and a lump of butter. They also make the mush thick and slice it as we do for frying, and serve it with a meat gravy and grated cheese. This is a substantial meal for a family.

They also have a most delicious way of serving polenta. For this the polenta is cooked and sliced. The sausages are removed from the skins, chopped fine and fried in butter. When they are nicely browned but not crisp, a little beef stock and some tomato sauce are added and they are cooked in it for fifteen minutes. Then the sausages are used for the sauce for the polenta and Parmesan cheese is sprinkled over each layer.

Polenta with chicken is another delicacy. There is a delicious polenta cake which somewhat replaces our "Johnny cake."

Migliaccio di Farina Gialla. To make it take two cups of Indian meal, half a cup of raisins, three tablespoonsful of granulated sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and three tablespoonsful of lard.

With a big wooden spoon the Italian cook mixes the meal, salt, sugar and raisins in a bowl and pours in boiling water slowly, stirring all the time, till there is a stiff paste which uses all the meal.

Take tin is greased well with half lard and the mixture is spread over it with the wooden spoon. When it is all patted in place the rest of the lard is spread over the top and the cake is baked in a slow oven till it is a golden brown, then eaten hot. The American housewife may wish to add eggs to it, but it is delicious broken off and eaten with butter.

Answers to Health Questions.

A. G. Back.—What is the matter with any one who can't help going to sleep whenever he sits down or reads? What do you do for it?

This points suspiciously to the need of glasses and eye troubles. Go to an oculist and an optometrist.

Advice to Girls

By Annie Laurie

Dear Miss Laurie: Should a girl who is engaged to a young man let him kiss her as often as he wants to? Is it wrong for a girl to hold a young man's arm out in a crowd if she is engaged to him? How can a young woman tell when she really loves a young man? Would it be right for a girl and her young man to go to visit his people and stay all night if the girl was well acquainted with them? Would it be right for a young woman who intends to marry a young man to talk to him on any subject which she thought proper?

BLUE BELLS. Well, Blue Bells, you seem to be worried to death about a good deal of things. Most of the things you want to know about don't amount to anything at all, one way or the other, and the rest of them are things you ought to know without asking.

This young man who wants to kiss you so many times—how many times does that mean, in the name of common sense? Young men are so different, just as different as girls.

What might appear perfectly reasonable to one sort of chap would bore another sort to death. You certainly know whether you want to be kissed or not—and, depend upon it, the man knows, too. If you're in love with him and he's in love with you, and

each other—and kiss each other very often, too. If you don't, you are a couple of sticks and not human beings at all. That's what love is for, what it's about, and what it means—in the last analysis and in the first one. But do not forget, my dear Blue Bells, that too much sugar will spoil the best cup of coffee that was ever offered to a hungry man. Men are strange creatures. What they get too easily they value too lightly.

Don't give away things that ought to have some value of price on them. How long have you been engaged to this young man, and how long do you intend to be engaged to him? Is your wedding day set, or are you just comfortably mandering along, making yourself believe that some day, perhaps, you will marry him, if everything turns out just right?

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